

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND ALICE'S HAIR RIBBON.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly," exclaimed Alice Wigglesworth, the duck girl, one bright morning, as she walked with a sideways motion up the hollow stump bungalow of the old rabbit gentleman. "Oh, Uncle Wiggly, would you mind doing me a favor?" Alice asked.

"A favor? Certainly I'll do it," said the bunny, with a low, polite bow of his tall silk hat. "Please name it."

"I'd like to have you get me a big pink hair ribbon," said Alice. "Please get me one with yards and yards and yards in it so I can make a big bow."

"But why do you want a large hair ribbon?" asked Uncle Wiggly. "Wouldn't a bow about the size of my necktie do?"

"Oh, my, no!" quipped Alice Wigglesworth. "I want a great big bow! All the girls in my school class have them. Why, Uncle Wiggly, the rabbit girl, has a bow so big that when her brother Sammie sits behind her he can't see the blackboard."

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggly, twinkling his pink nose. "I should think Sammie wouldn't like that."

"He doesn't mind a bit—none of the animal boys in the hollow stump mind not seeing the blackboard!" quipped Alice. "They say the bigger hair bows we girls wear the better they like it. When they can't see the blackboard the lady mouse teacher doesn't give them a bad mark if they miss their lessons."

"Worse and worse," cried the bunny, holding up one paw. "But I suppose big bows are the fashion. And though I do not altogether approve of it myself," went on Mr. Longears, speaking formal like and correct, "as long as I made you a pink hair ribbon."

"Get it of a color to match your dear twinkling nose," said Alice, with a laugh, "and please be sure there are yards and yards and yards of ribbon in it."

"As many as I can carry," said the bunny.

Then he hopped on through the woods and across the fields from his hollow stump bungalow.

Pretty soon he came to the notion store where a ladybug sold hair ribbons.

"The biggest pink one you have for Alice Wigglesworth, the duck girl," ordered Uncle Wiggly, in his jolly voice. "I am to take it after school and give her this bow for her hair."

"Very well," said the ladybug storekeeper, and she cut off a large piece of ribbon—well, maybe not a whole yard, but, however, ribbon comes for hair bows. Perhaps I should have said a shunt.

Anyhow the ladybug cut some off, and when she wrapped it up for Uncle Wiggly to carry, the bunny gentleman asked:

"Isn't it a little too large?"

"Oh, no, there are only sixteen-eleven yards in it," answered the ladybug. "Some girls wear more than forty-two-seventeen yards, and their bows are so big they can't look at them all at once in a looking glass. They have to take two peeks to see them all."

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggly, holding up two paws, this time.

However, he took Alice's new hair ribbon, which was almost as large as a loaf of bread, and back toward the hollow stump school with he started.

"I hope Alice will like it," thought the bunny. "It certainly is pink enough, pinker, even than my nose, and surely there are yards and yards and yards of it. Too much, I think, but—"

And then, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggly slipped on a wet leaf, and down he went—"ker-bunk"—spraining his left front paw.

"Oh, dear!" cried the bunny gentleman. "I am hurt! My paw is badly sprained and I don't believe I can meet Alice at school and give her this new hair ribbon. Oh, dear! Will no one help me?"

"Why yes! Of course, I'll help you," said a voice, and along came Dr. Possum. "What's the matter, Uncle Wiggly?" he asked.

"Oh," answered the bunny. "I've sprained my paw, and I can hardly walk, let alone hopping, and—"

Now just down on this log and please keep still and don't worry," said Dr. Possum. "Let me look at your paw. Yes, it is a bad sprain, but if I had something with which to make a sling, so you could put it around your neck and rest your paw in it, then you could hop along to my office and I could make you comfortable, and the animal doctor looked very wise.

"But I haven't any handkerchief cloth with me to make a sling from, and I don't see any around here, and—"

Uncle Wiggly spoke sorrowfully.

"Use some of my hair ribbon," suddenly cried Alice, the duck girl, who came along just then. She had hurried out of school to meet Uncle Wiggly, so she would get her bow more quickly.

"The some of my ribbon?" she said. "I think Uncle Wiggly bought me more than I need. Anyhow the lady mouse school teacher says we must wear smaller bows on our hair. Some of the smaller children had to stay out of school today because the room was so full of hair ribbon bows. So cut off as much of my pink ribbon as you need, Dr. Possum."

"I will," said Dr. Possum, and he did. From the pink ribbon he made a sling for Uncle Wiggly's poor lame paw, and the bunny under could hop along with out so much pain.

Then Alice took what was left of the ribbon and made a neat little bow for her hair, but after all, it was a good thing Uncle Wiggly bought yards and yards and yards; wasn't it?

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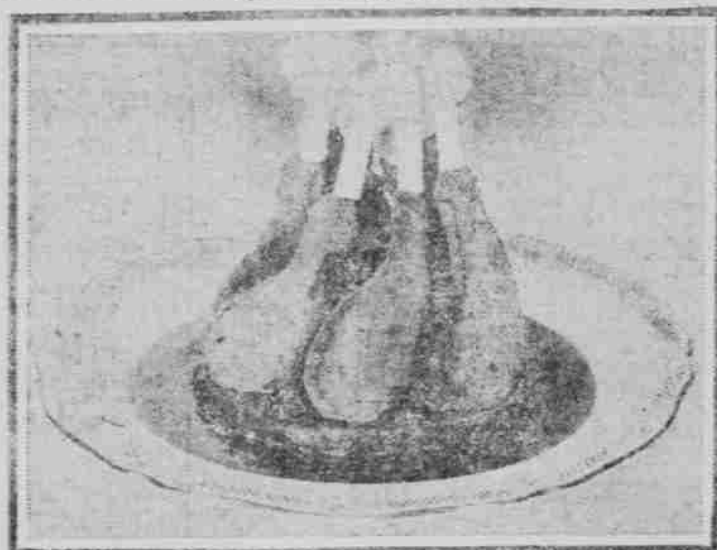
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TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.



Veal Loaf Cutlets—Gypsy Style.

CUT the veal into thin slices and trim them into cutlet shapes. Season with salt and pepper, dip into beaten-up egg and then into cracker crumbs. When the cutlets are cooked put aside and keep hot. Melt some lard in a frying pan and fry the cutlets in this to a light brown. Squeeze a bed of boiled spinach (which has been minced and pressed through a fine sieve) into a circle on a hot chop plate; arrange the cutlets on this, overlapping each other, put some green parsley in the center, pour the gypsy sauce around and serve hot.

Gypsy Sauce—Take one-half a can of tomatoes, season with pepper and salt, a chopped onion, a chopped green pepper, a bay leaf and one teaspoonful of sugar. Let all boil slowly, thicken with one tablespoonful of flour and butter, then strain and use. Garnish with chopped parsley.—Tomorrow—Coffee Parfait.

Beauty Chats By Edna Kent Forbes

Some Questions Answered.

M. Q.—I do not think vaseline will make the hair darker, except that it will add oil to the hair and the more oil, the darker the hair. It will make it grow, but it is a greasy and rather unpleasant way. Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I will send you a recipe for a hair tonic that will be better than vaseline.

Elizabeth C. Livingston does not cause white spots on the nails but does cause the large pores on the face. A light diet, with lots of fruit, will aid the stomach, and give the skin a better chance. You can try the akar agar treatment, and meantime, wash the face with very hot water and tincture of green soap, following this with a hot rinse and an ice rub.

I. W. W.—Vaseline will make the eyebrows grow thicker, though it will not make them darker. Nothing will do that, except a dye, and of course such a thing is impractical. There is an objection to the use of an eyebrow pencil, only it must be used so lightly that it cannot be detected, so it merely shadows the hair, making them a little darker.

Anxious—I do not know the proportions for quinine and iodine as a hair tonic. Don't you think that would be very greasy on the hair? The scalp would take up so much dust and you would have to wash the hair a great deal to keep it fluffy. Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I will mail you the recipe for a good hair tonic. Some impurity in the blood likely causes the ulcers. Have your doctor give you a tonic.

A. R.—I will publish a recipe for gluten bread in the next chat on cooking, which will appear shortly.

Florence—Agar agar is a Japanese sea weed, a tasteless flaky substance that looks like breakfast food. There is no recipe for it. It is not a patented article. Any good drug store will have it—or can get it easily, as all supply houses handle it. Its use for beauty treatments is a recent discovery, and some druggists may not yet have heard of it.

Anxious—Vaseline is good to massage the neck, but cocoa butter is better as a flesh builder. It will not cause hair to grow to any extent—not enough to bother about on the neck anyway.

A. B.—A mixture of glycerine and rose water is all right for the hands to prevent chapping. Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I will send you a recipe for the other trouble.



The way to which a woman smiles adds infinitely to her prettiness.

Addressed stamped envelope and I will send you a recipe for the other trouble.

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He's telling her that nothing he received from home brought more joy, longer-lasting pleasure, greater relief from thirst and fatigue, than

WRIGLEY'S THE FLAVOR LASTS

She slipped a stick in every letter and mailed him a box now and then.

Naturally he loves her, she loves him, and they both love WRIGLEY'S.

Chew it after every meal.

Three of a kind

Keep them in mind



Three of a kind

Three of a kind

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